

HISTORY OF PART OF THE KYLE FAMILY



Compiled by
ROBERT WILLIAM EATON
Watsonville, California



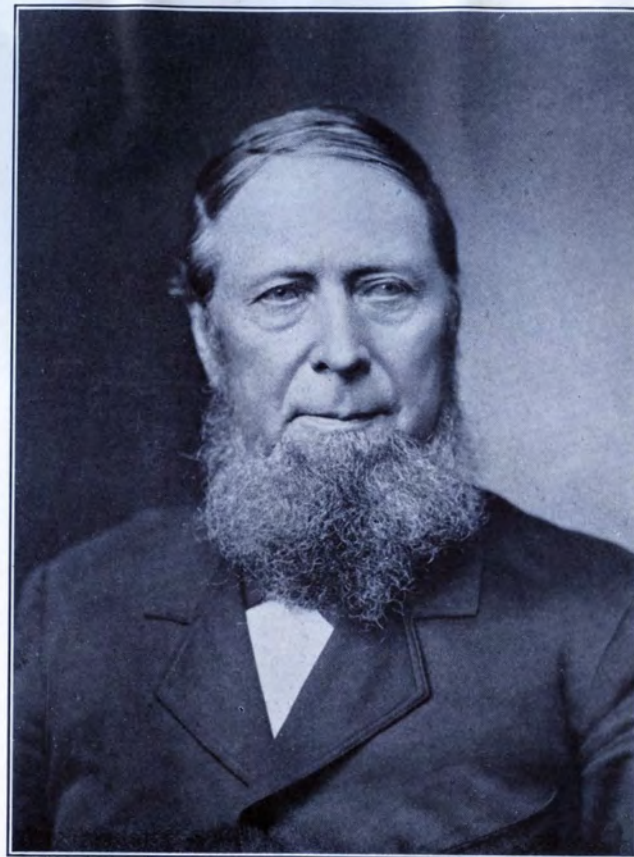
ROBERT WILLIAM EATON
Compiler
Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, June 27, 1846.

HISTORY OF PART of the KYLE FAMILY



1932

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WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA



WILLIAM KYLE

Born in Ireland, October 10th, 1803. Died in Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania, 1891.

Let us print in colors clear and fast
The well known present to the half known past
And leave to children's children yet to come
The brave tradition of the ancient home.

—Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney

To Whom It May Concern



About four years ago we conceived the idea of collecting the biographical record of the families of ROBERT KYLE who was born in County Tyrone, Town of Derry, Ireland. He lived there until they had a family of thirteen children, the oldest being about thirty years of age.

In 1833 he migrated to America with twelve of these children. Mary Ann, the first born, was married and stayed in Ireland.

Two of the girls died in early life. The other ten raised families. There were sixty-three children born to this fourth generation which compose the fifth generation.

This fourth generation are all dead at this date (1910). The fifth generation are all dead but about fifteen at this date (1932).

The work of Thompson Kyle and Senator Kyle of North Dakota did much that is of interest to us.

First they gave a clearer history of the three brothers.

Second they found the youngest sister of Grandfather Kyle and her two brothers in Philadelphia, and that the sister's name was Gallin.

I think that we will find a clearer statement of their work. There must be a bunch of manuscript of which the one we have is only an index to the work they must have done.

I hope you may like this effort of mine and that some one may take this work up and build a Kyle Association.

—ROBERT WILLIAM EATON

The History of Part of the Kyle Family



The history of the Kyle family, in Scotland, Ireland, and America, was compiled by Robert William Eaton, Watsonville, California. What I write is just as my Grandmother Sophia, wife of Robert Kyle, gave it to me. In 1867 and for two years I lived next door to her and spent most of my evenings with her. Grandmother Kyle was born in 1780 and died in 1870 at 90 years of age. Grandfather Kyle was born in 1775 and died in 1869 at 94 years of age. They were married in 1800.

She said: "In the first of the sixteenth century three men came from Scotland to Ireland. One was a priest, the name of the second is not known, and third was William the Tory, our ancestor."

THIRD GENERATION

I am beginning with my grandfather as the head of the third generation, Grandfather Robert Kyle and Grandmother Sophia Kyle had born to them thirteen children as follows:

FOURTH GENERATION

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1. Kyle, Mary Ann | 8. Kyle, Matilda |
| 2. Kyle, William | 9. Kyle, Edmund |
| 3. Kyle, Galbraith | 10. Kyle, Maria |
| 4. Kyle, Robert | 11. Kyle, Letitia |
| 5. Kyle, Elizabeth | 12. Kyle, Sophia, died when
very young |
| 6. Kyle, Henry | 13. Baby, died when young. |
| 7. Kyle, Thompson | |

An Incident of Early Days in Ireland

Reprinted from the Evening Pajaronian, Watsonville, California. Written by Jas. G. Piratsky, Editor.

♦ ♦ ♦

The other day we ran across Robert W. Eaton.

Bob Eaton is an old *amigo* of the Pajaronian editor. Our acquaintanceship dates back some twenty-six years. We always like to run across "Bob" for he can relate many interesting reminiscences.

It may not be generally known but the late W. R. Radcliff always credited "Bob" Eaton with being the father (originator) of the cultivation in commercial quantities of the strawberry in this valley, which, years ago, assumed considerable prominence as one of our leading industries.

In the course of conversation with "Bob" the other day, he related an interesting incident that had brought back to him a long-forgotten reminiscence.

He was in a law office, in this city, some time ago, and while waiting to see the attorney, picked up a book lying on the center table. He idly glanced through the pages and suddenly was filled with amazement to find, narrated therein, an incident that used to be related to him when a boy, by his grandmother, about a period in Ireland when Catholic priests were ruthlessly hunted down in northern Ireland, and killed on the slightest provocation, and how his grandfather had saved a bishop's life, from pursuing enemies.

Mr. Eaton read the narrative through with amazement, and on leaving the room concluded to ask the attorney for the loan of the volume so he might copy the narrative. Going back some days, after, he found that the law firm knew nothing of such a book, had never owned it.

Evidently some of the waiting clients in the room, on the occasion of Mr. Eaton's visit had placed the book on

the table, when going in to interview the attorney, and on retiring from the room had taken the volume away. Mr. Eaton is very desirous of connecting with that book again, and asked us to request anyone having a book containing the story below to lend it to him.

Here is Mr. Eaton's version of the story. The incident happened in Tyrone, Ireland, years and years ago, when Tyrone was a hotbed of Orangemen, who hunted down Catholic priests. Mr. Eaton tells us that the incident can be found in the biography of the late Bishop McCloskey, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

"On the evening of a cold wet day in the last of the seventeenth century, there came a knock at the door of my grandfather's home on his estate in County Tyrone, Ireland. Someone went to the door and found a man, cold, wet, and hungry. It was reported to my grandfather.

"The man said: 'There are some men after me to kill me. Will you give me protection?'

"My grandfather said: 'I will, come in.' The wayfarer was given dry clothes and a warm supper. About this time there was a second knock at the door. Grandfather and the bishop were in a front room in which there was an old high bedstead and a stand.

"Grandfather went to the door. He was met by a man who said, 'Is Bishop McCloskey here?' 'He is.' 'I will give you twenty-five pounds for the sight of him.' 'All right; put your money on the stand.' The money was counted and laid on the stand. Grandfather went to the bed and lifting the cover up said, 'There he is.' The man started for the bishop. 'Stop,' said grandfather, 'You can't touch him—you said you would give twenty-five pounds for the sight of him.'

"Now, grandfather had an estate and besides was running a millstone quarry. He had quite a lot of men or members belonging to his clan. This man who tried to get at McCloskey had some men with him but he knew that

he could do nothing so he went away, saying he would be back, and see about it.

"Grandfather ordered his men to get three horses ready immediately. He soon had the bishop on his way with two guards, for the coast. Soon after the man who was searching for the priest came back with stronger help. He knocked at the door. 'I want the Bishop.' 'Well, take him.' 'Where is he?' 'I don't know.' 'Well, I will find him.' 'All right, go ahead.' Grandfather hinted that he might be here and there, holding them back all he could. Meantime the Bishop got down to the coast among his friends, and on a ship bound for America.

"Some years later grandfather came to America and located at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was walking along the street and came face to face with the bishop. They recognized each other instantly.

"Many an evening the bishop could be found at the home of my grandfather, always wanting to help him get started in America."

The Story of His Stone Quarry in West Virginia

I never knew anything about the place, except that when a child I was taken there on a visit and recall a small log cabin on a clearing of about ten acres.

He opened a stone quarry on this land sometime in the early fifties. A short time later he had an accident while doing something about getting a large stone out of the quarry. He and one or two other men had crowbars under a stone while grandfather was holding the bar over his head when one of them let his bar slip, throwing all the weight on grandfather's bar. The bar struck him obliquely across the forehead, crushing his skull. When he got well his face was disfigured and one eye was entirely gone. He was very sensitive and Grandmother said he never was the same man afterwards.

**Record of the Purchase of a Piece of Land in Wetzel
County, West Virginia, by Robert Kyle
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**

♦ ♦ ♦

Clerk's Office, Wetzel County Court, New Martinsville, West Va.

April 22, 1847.

Mr. R. W. Eaton,
Watsonville, California.
Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 12th Inst. relative to Robert Kyle, will say that I have made a search of the land records and I find that Robert Kyle owned a large tract of land in this county, said to be thirty-five hundred acres.

The first deed I find on record is dated May 5th, 1847, from Stacy Ford, et al, to Robert Kyle. Parties are residents of Pittsburgh, Pa.

This county was formed out of Tyler Co. in 1846. If you write to the clerk of Tyler Co., Middlebourne, West Virginia, you may get some information from him.

I can find the name of only one Kyle in this county. His name is John A. Kyle, Jacksonburg, West Virginia.

Yours truly,

(Signed by) G. A. HARMAN, *Clerk.*

On receipt of this letter I wrote to the above address and the letter was returned "uncalled for."



SOPHIA KYLE

Born in Ireland, 1780, Town of Derry, County Tyrone.
Died in Mercer, Pennsylvania, 1870.

Grandmother Kyle



The last time when I started from Mercer on the stage she said: "God Bless you, Robert—I'll never get another sight o' ye." That came true, soon after I left. She died March 10th, 1870.

She always had her Bible in easy reach. She always read in a whisper and when she got deeply interested would become almost inaudible and her lips scarcely moved.

When she lost her glasses they could be found on her head.

She could tell stories of Ireland by the hour and Bible stories just the same.

Paddy Saved the Game

She told me this story about a man who worked for grandfather. She said:

"They were all going to a fair. I suppose it was something like a ball game, only they battered one another instead of the ball. Father had a team of his men and Paddy was one of them. He was a great big good-natured fellow and did not fight much. He just stood up and laughed at the fun.

"Someone slipped up behind Paddy and hit him a terrible whack on his back. The game was going against our side, but Paddy became awakened.

"He started in with a bang, using his shelalah right and left and soon ended the game in favor of our side."

Mary Ann Kyle—Nee Mathews



Mary Ann Kyle was the oldest and was born in 1800. I know very little about her. She visited America but did not stay long. She said that our grandmother and grandfather lived together sixty-seven years. She had seven children—Five boys and three girls. Their names were:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mathews, John | 5. Mathews, James |
| 2. Mathews, Robert | 6. Mathews, Letitia |
| 3. Mathews, Charles | 7. _____ |
| 4. Mathews, William | 8. _____ |

All of these children came to America and died here. The boys all made good. I remember one day that I was walking along with John Mathews and he took off his hat. (It was a custom in Pittsburgh at that time to carry all their business papers in their hats). He wore a tall silk hat . . . he had been collecting for that month . . . He said: "Robert, this is for the month and is fifteen hundred dollars. I'll make good yet." He had quit drinking. I think it was in 1869 that I was in Pittsburgh. Robert and James were working in the Hussey and Wells Steel Works. Robert had a contract for ten of those furnaces where the steel was made.

SIXTH GENERATION

James Wallace Matthews. He was an Osteopathic Physician. There were two girls. One was Letitia Matthews, the other _____.

William Kyle



William Kyle was the second of the children and of the fourth generation. He was born in Ireland, October 10th, 1803. He died in 1891 at the age of 88. William and Mary Allen were married May 5th, 1835. She died January 31, 1859. Eight children were born to them. I do not remember ever seeing Aunt Mary. I was there in 1854. (I do not think I was more than ten feet from Uncle William's coat tail all the time my father and I were there, which was only part of two days). The names of their eight children are as follows:

Fifth Generation Born	Place	Died
Susan R. _____ May 5, 1836	Ireland	Dec. 8, 1840
Robert Allen _____ Aug. 1, 1837	Pittsburgh	July 20, 1893
Sophia _____ Sept. 16, 1836	Pittsburgh	
Wm. Galbraith _____ Jan. 19, 1841	Pittsburgh	Oct. 2, 1844
Wm. Galbraith _____ 2nd. _____ Mar. 6, 1846	Pittsburgh	June 24, 1849
Susan R. _____ Aug. 23, 1842	Pittsburgh	
Mary Ann _____ Dec. 2, 1847	Pittsburgh	
Nanut Elizabeth _____ Feb. 14, 1857	Pittsburgh	

MARY GILMAN

He was married the 2nd time to Mary Gilman on August 30, 1860. She died March 11, 1873. Two children were born to them as follows:

1. Elbert Thompson Kyle, Nov. 12, 1861. Died, Pittsburgh, Sept. 4, 1887.
2. Margaret Maus Kyle, May 16, 1864.

SIXTH GENERATION KYLE



Margaret Maus Kyle and Orrin W. Lynch were married March 4, 1884. There were born to them ten children, which are a part of the Sixth Generation.

Born	Died
1. Lynch, Mary Meridith Dec. 20, 1884	
2. Lynch, Helen Clyde _____ July 26, 1886	
3. Lynch, Orrin Harper _____ March 30, 1888	
4. Lynch, Margaret Kyle _____ Jan. 8, 1890	April 16, 1891
5. Lynch, Ann Wilson _____ Feb. 16, 1892	
6. Lynch, Joseph Henry _____ March 22, 1893	
7. Lynch, Wilfred Kyle _____ Nov.	Oct. 4, 1896
8. Lynch, Ruth R. _____ May 24	April 15, 1899
9. Lynch, Allen Gilman _____ August	
10. Lynch, Frederick R. _____ Sept.	

WILLIAM KYLE, *Continued*

♦ ♦ ♦

I went with my father in 1856 to Pittsburgh to get a load of goods for a store. At that time there were only two ways to get any freight to Mercer where we lived. One was by the Erie Canal and the other by teams. It took four days on the road and one to load up.

At this time he worked on Wook Street for Hussey and Well—a pork packing house. He lived at that time at the Aqueduct. I slept with Uncle that night. I remember that we could see the bridge from the bedroom window. I got curious and began to ask questions. "What's that, Uncle William?" "That's a bridge." "What makes it leak so? Where does the water come from? What's it for?" "That's to get the boat across the river. Do you see that horse going along there?" "Yes." "Do you see that boy?" "Yes." "That boy drives the horse that pulls the boat." "Well, I think I would like to have that job." "I think we had better go to bed."

We had not been in bed long before I gave an unearthly scream. "There is something that is biting me." (Uncle could pinch with his toes and that was something). I was trying to hold down a sob. After a little I turned over on my elbow and looked at uncle. He was lying there with one eye open. "Uncle, are you asleep?" I asked. "Why don't you shut that eye? What's the matter, can't you get it shut? What are you keeping it open for? "Oh, I always sleep with one eye open." "What for?" "To watch for robbers." "Will they kill anybody?" "Sometimes they take little boys who ask too many questions."

AN ACCIDENT

In 1881 I was at Uncle William's for a while. He was just getting over an accident. Uncle went back and forth to work from home with a horse and buggy. Albert Kyle one evening said: "Uncle, I will get the horse for you."

The horse was a very high-spirited one. The works was fenced by a high fence and the gate raised up to open. Albert had put the bridle on without putting the gagbit into the horse's mouth. Uncle and Abe Pew were in the buggy. Albert raised the gate and away went the horse without any control, between the railroad tracks. All three were thrown out. Robert and Abe escaped without serious injury. Uncle William was nearly killed. One leg was broken once and the other was broken twice.

I got there about three months later. Uncle was not able to do much when I was there. His legs were swollen until they glistened. I worked on them a good deal. It did them good to rub them. He died about ten years later. He did not complain much. We played cards quite a lot. He would sing: "Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face, for your heart must be easy if it's in the right place." He would sing it over and over all the time while we were playing cards.

John Mathews came in to see him. Uncle said: "(Uncle) John, if I had been killed, I would have followed you on a white horse as long as you lived." "My God, Uncle William, you wouldn't, would you?"

Galbraith Kyle



Galbraith Kyle was of the fourth generation. He lived in West Virginia. He died about 1875 or 1874, in Covington, Virginia. Uncle William and Uncle Ed were at the funeral. Uncle Galbraith was probably born about 1804. He was about 70 years old when he died.

I heard my mother say that he had four sons in the southern army and that they were all killed. In hunting for him I found the record of their service. Mother said that he died later of a broken heart. I do not remember seeing him at any time but I and all of us had a good reason for remembering him in a substantial way.

When we moved to the west we had very little to eat. We had nothing but corn meal, with nothing to put on it but salt . . . no milk or anything to shorten it with. Well, I tell you it was mighty tough living after leaving Mercer, where we had everything there was in the market to eat, what with that and mother crying nearly all the time. Uncle Galbraith sent us money often. Then we got a few biscuits to eat once in a while. Uncle would cut a bill in two pieces and mail one of them and send the other a few days later. Mother would put them together and they would be good. That was in 1858 or '59.

Then the war came on soon after that and we never heard from him until after the war. All that we heard was that he had four sons in the Southern army and that they were all killed, and that they were in the Black Horse Cavalry. The only thing that I got from there was from the record as follows:

Confederate Index Report—Sons of Galbraith Kyle

The following information is found in the Confederate Index on file in the archive department of Virginia State Library Department:

Kyle, Edwin	
Kyle, Edward C.	
Kyle, Haslett	Three of these were killed
Kyle, Rufus P.	

The parentage not given in the index. They are not shown as in the Black Horse Cavalry . . . but in the 2nd Co. C. Infantry, Regiment. The payroll of this Co. shows that it was recruited from Botetourt and Fincastle Counties.

Botetourt was formed from Augusta County in 1772.

Fincastle was formed from Botetourt County in 1772.

Robert Kyle

♦ ♦ ♦

FOURTH GENERATION

Robert Kyle was the father of the fifth generation. He came to Wheeling, West Va. and lived there all his life. He was born Sept. 2, 1814. He died June 21, 1885. Age 70 years, 9 months, and 19 days.

His wife, Mary Ann Downey, was born Jan. 12, 1821. She died Sept. 28, 1880 at the age of 59 years, 8 months, and 16 days. They were married March 21, 1839.

Robert William Kyle for more than 44 years operated the leading plumbing and heating plant in Wheeling, W. Va. and was very successful. For the past few years he has been retired, living with his son.

FIFTH GENERATION

There were born unto them 10 children, 8 girls and 2 boys as follows:

Sarah Kyle, born Nov. 4, 1840. Married James Archer. Living. Children, 2 sons, living.

Sophia Kyle, born Sept. 28, 1842. Married Albert Bard. Died July 18, 1905. Children, 1 son, 1 daughter.

Mary Ann Kyle, born March 4, 1842. Unmarried. Died Dec. 24, 1920.

Rebecca Kyle, born Feb. 22, 1847. Married Robert Nelson and William Sinram. Living. Children, 1 son and 1 girl.

Lucinda Kyle, born Oct. 20, 1840. Unmarried. Died July 24, 1909.

Elizabeth Stout Kyle, born Nov. 30, 1850. Married John McAdams. Living. Children, 1 son and 1 daughter.

John Albert Kyle, born Feb. 6, 1853. Married Katherine Stephens. Died June 20, 1899. Children, 4 sons, and 2 daughters.

ROBERT KYLE, Continued

Margaretta Kyle, born Aug. 16, 1857. Married James F. Agnew. Died Aug. 18, 1914. Children 1 daughter and 1 son.

Robert William Kyle, born Sept. 16, 1860. Married Emma Daub. Living. Children, 1 son and 1 daughter.

Annie Virginia Kyle, born May 7, 1885. Married Samuel Calvin. Died Jan. 30, 1890. Children, 2 sons, 1 daughter.

SIXTH GENERATION**Second Cousins**

Harry Archer and Charles live in Pittsburgh, Pa., with their mother. Neither of them are married.

Robert Bard is some place in the west, so far as is known.

Margaretta Bard Hume is a widow living in Washington, D. C. Has one daughter, Betty Goss, 21 years of age.

Herbert Nelson is a dentist in Erie, Pa. He has one married daughter in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gertrude Nelson Riley lives with her mother in Pittsburgh, Pa. Her married son also lives in Pittsburgh, Pa.

No children were born to the union with William Sinram.

Mary Emma Kyle died in infancy.

Howard Lee Kyle died in infancy.

Elizabeth Gertrude Kyle lives in Wheeling with her mother.

Arthur Lee Kyle died at the age of twenty-two months.

Thomas Antrim Kyle Jr. died in 1908 at the age of twenty-two years.

John Albert Kyle Jr. died in infancy.

Mary Ann Calvin Townsend lives in Beaver, Pa. She has three daughters and two sons, all married and living in New Brighton, Pa.

George Calvin is married and lives in Beaver Falls, Pa. He has an adopted daughter.

IN 1881

In 1881 I was in Wheeling, West Virginia. I stopped with Uncle Robert Kyle for a short time.

Aunt Mary had died a short time before. The first Sunday I was there Uncle Robert, Lucy and I went out to the cemetery, where Aunt Mary was buried.

Lucy worked in a drygoods store. I went in to see her often. She was a real nice girl and looked like Beckie. In looking over my diary I find that I was at Cousin Lizzie MacAdam's home quite a bit while there. Also at R. Nelson's home often. Beckie was the only one of the Wheeling folks that I knew.

In 1886, '87 and '88 I was living with Uncle Houck. Beckie was there quite a long time. The next time that I saw her was when she visited California. At this time my sister got a letter from the one who had a rooming house in Washington, D. C., stating that Beckie was in California and that she wanted Beckie to get in touch with me.

She sent me Beckie's address and I wrote and asked her if she was the daughter of Robert Kyle of Wheeling. She said she was and made a change in her tickets to come to Watsonville. She had only a very short stop, just one day. We enjoyed the day very much. I was very sorry that I knew so few of the Kyles. Beckie, her daughter, was with her.

Elizabeth Houck-Nee Kyle



Elizabeth Houck was of the fourth generation. She was probably born in 1809. She was married twice. Her daughter died very young (thirteen years and six months) and is buried in Mercer, Pa. She was married the second time in Mercer, Pa., to Balser Snyder Houck, who was about the same age. He was a Pennsylvania Dutchman and one of the best men I ever met. He was a kindly man, very quiet, I know, because I was with him in his wagon shop for two years. After I left he built a spoke factory at Mercer and made good.

I think Aunt Lizzie came to Mercer about the same time my father did. She had a milliner shop and did a good business.

They never had any children. They both died and are buried at Mercer, Pa. Uncle Houck died July 18, 1889, age 77. Aunt Elizabeth died Dec. 9, 1907, about the same age.

SUGAR CAMP STORY

She liked to tell this story about her Grandfather Kyle. She said: "He and the girls were working in a sugar camp. There came a sudden storm, rain, thunder and lightning. The girls were scared every time there would be a flash of lightning so they would run hither and thither. He would say 'run now, run now'; pretty soon there came a crash and a tree fell. The forks of the tree fell astride of him but did not hurt him. He got out and ran like a deer and aunt said, 'you ought to see the hops o' him.' Then she would laugh until the tears would run down her cheeks.

FIFTH GENERATION

Children of Robert Allen Kyle and Maria Rotrock

SIXTH GENERATION

Emma Florence Kyle—born in Pittsburgh.

Anna Kyle—born in Pittsburg.

SIXTH GENERATION

Children of Emma Florence Kyle and Rev.

James Donehoo

SEVENTH GENERATION

Florence Donehoo—born in Knoxville.

Robert Donehoo—born in Knoxville.

FIFTH GENERATION

Children of Harriet Elizabeth Kyle and W. S. Bowler

SIXTH GENERATION

Margaret Kyle Bowler—born in Pittsburgh.

Claranell Bowler, born in Pittsburgh; deceased.

Rhoda Rachel Bowler.

Edison G. Bowler.

FIFTH GENERATION

Susan Rebecca Kyle was the second wife of David Taylor. She was born Aug. 6, 1842 and died Nov. 28, 1875. They were married in August 23, 1866 at Pittsburg, Pa. There were born to them five children.

FIFTH GENERATION

*Children of Susan Rebecca Kyle, second, and
David Taylor*

SIXTH GENERATION

Mary Catherine Taylor—born Sept. 20, 1866, Chic., Ill.

David Taylor—born 1866. Died in infancy.

Janet Sophia Taylor—March 3, 1870, Chicago, Ill.
 Twins: Annie Oliver Taylor—born Feb. 27, 1875, Chicago, Ill. Died Sept. 26, 1915.
 Susan Rebecca Taylor—born Feb. 27, 1873. Still living.

SIXTH GENERATION

Janet Sophia Taylor—born March 3, 1870.
 She was married to Thomas J. Gillespie, July 2, 1896.
 There are no children.

SIXTH GENERATION

Annie Oliver Taylor.

Children of Emma Florence Cherry and Samuel Jeffries
 Calvin Jeffries—born in Pittsburgh—deceased.
 Orrin Jeffries—born in Pittsburgh—died from effects of World War.
 Alma Jeffries—born in Pittsburgh.

Children of William and Louise Cherry
 Elizabeth.
 Elsworth.

Children of Edna and Willard Girty
 Mary Girty—born in Pittsburgh.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Edna Cherry and Willard Girty
 Mary Girty—born in Pittsburgh.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Albot and Emily Cherry
 Calvin—born in Pittsburgh—died in infancy.
 Day—born in Pittsburgh.

FIFTH GENERATION

Robert Allen Kyle was the male born in the Fifth Generation. He was born August 1st, 1837 at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was married to Maria Rotrock. There were born to them two children as follows: Emma Florence and Allen Kyle.

FIFTH GENERATION

Mary Ann Kyle and Calvin Cherry.

SIXTH GENERATION

Children of Mary Ann Kyle and Calvin Cherry

Emma Florence Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 William Allen Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Elizabeth Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Robert Cherry—deceased—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Robert Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 TWINS—Lucy Kyle Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Katie Kyle Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Edna Irene Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Albert Kyle Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Raymond Kyle Cherry—deceased—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Calvin Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Janet Cherry—Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIFTH GENERATION

Mary Ann Kyle and Calvin Townsend.

SIXTH GENERATION

Charles Townsend.
 George D. Calvin.
 Robert Kyle Calvin.

MEMORANDUM

MEMORANDUM

MEMORANDUM

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Janet Cherry and William Keck

William—born in Pittsburgh.

Ruth—born in Pittsburgh.

Muriel—born in Pittsburgh.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Margaret K. Bowler and Albert McKibben

Stanard—born in Pittsburg, Pa.

Claranell—born in Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Children of Edison and Electa Packer Bowler

Richard Kyle Bowler — born in Pittsburgh, Sept. 27, 1928.

Wilson Packer—born in Pittsburgh.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Children of Joseph Henry and Louise Gough Folsom

Betty Gough—born in Cincinnati, Sept. 18, 1915.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Children of Mary Catherine Folsom and Fredrick Kopp

William Joseph Kopp—born in Dayton Ohio, June 10, 1920.

Mary Louise Kopp — born in Dayton Ohio, July 12, 1922.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Children of Orrin and Ruth Jeffries

Alma Jeffries—born in Pittsburgh.

Norma Jeffries—born in Pittsburgh.

Emma Florence—born in Pittsburgh.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Children of Robert Aurswald and Alma Jeffries

Two sons.

One daughter.

FIFTH GENERATION

Mary Catherine Taylor was married to J. H. Folsom. Their children are of the Sixth Generation.

Joseph Henry Folsom of the Sixth Generation was married to Louise Gough in August, 1916. They had one daughter, Betty Gough Folsom of the Seventh Generation.

SIXTH GENERATION

Catherine Florence Kopp was married during the World War in 1918. She has two children which are of the Seventh Generation. Billy or Joseph Welham and Mary Louise.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Thomas Gillespie Folsom, now a Doctor of Medicine, was married to Lola Mae Beard, December 30, 1932.

STATISTICS

THIRD GENERATION	Born	Died	Age
Robert Kyle	1775	1869	84
Sophia Kyle	1780	1869	81
FOURTH GENERATION			
Mary Ann Kyle	1800	—	—
William Kyle	1803	1891	88
Galbraith Kyle	1805	1875	70
Robert Kyle	1784	1875	91
Elizabeth Kyle	1812	1907	95
Thompson Kyle	1817	1904	87
Henry Kyle	1812	—	—
Edmond Kyle	1815	1899	84
Matilda Kyle Eaton	1821	1870	59
Maria Kyle Pew	1820	1820	89
Letitia Kyle Reed	—	—	—

Thompson Kyle



Thompson Kyle was of the fourth generation.

I am going to give his letter in full. It is from D. J. Kyle and is a full statement of his history of Uncle Thompson's family.

Harrisville, Pa., Aug. 1930.

R. W. Eaton,
Watsonville, California.
Dear Cousin:

Your postal card rec'd and in reply will say that father died in 1904 at the age of 87. Therefore he was born in 1817. I remember very distinctly that he said he was 16 years old when he landed in America. That would make the family land here in 1833. (to elaborate) I remember distinctly that Aunt Margaret was about 19 years of age when she married on the 24th of March, 1842. Brother William was born in 1843. I was born March 24, 1853, ten years afterward, so you can see the facts are pretty well established. That would make father 25 years at the time of marriage and mother say 19, a difference of six years.

Father died in 1904 and mother in 1910, making them the same age at the time of death—to recapitulate. The family came to America in 1833. Thompson Kyle was then 16 years of age and Matilda was 11. She was married 12 years later—June 1845.

To my mind this establishes the family arrival in America and also his age when he landed.

D. J. KYLE.

THOMPSON KYLE FAMILY



Uncle Thompson was a man of strong convictions, an optimist, kind-hearted and prominent in any place in public matters. A Democrat that stood for his party.

Aunt Margaret . . . What shall I say of her . . . She was a woman of even temper . . . Never got off her base.

When a boy at Mercer I always jumped up and down when we were going to Harrisville to visit. I remember the long dining table and the splendid dinners we had there.

Uncle was in on every proposition that came along, always ready to help any good thing.

Thompson and Margaret Kyle had born to them six boys as follows: Edmund, William, Albert, David, Thompson, Robert and three girls, Jennie, Rettie and Sophia.

Edmund Kyle was educated for a physician and lived in Ithica, N. Y.

William Kyle died from eating choke berries when a boy.

Albert Kyle was killed by a kick from a mule.

Thompson Kyle is still living on the old homestead farm.

David Kyle is still living on the Allendaly place at Harrisville.

Jennie Kyle
Elizabeth Kyle.
Sophia Kyle.

Matilda Eaton-Nee Kyle



Matilda Kyle was born in June, 1821. She was married to John Eaton in June, 1845, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

John Eaton was born July 5, 1822, at Bedford, Pa. He died at Baldwin City Dec., 1894 at the age of 72 years.

Eaton, Olenhausen & Crawford were in business on Wood Street. They were all silver platers by trade. In 1846 they had quite a large contract for the government to make equipment for cavalry officers. They made bridle bits and such things. These things were for the Mexican War officers and soldiers. In about 1850 they quit. When I was there in 1869 Mr. Clenhausen was running the store. Father moved from there to Harrisville, Butler Co. Then he and the family moved to Mercer, Pa. This was about 1852. In 1858 he moved to Kansas, where he lived the rest of his life, on a farm.

Mother was always to be where anyone was sick, and at the last place she contacted pneumonia and died at the age of 59. She was a good mother.

AN INCIDENT

On our trip to Kansas we were going up the Missouri river on a steamboat. Letitia was then a baby about 18 months old. She had just learned to walk but at this time she had just had a spell of sickness and was unable to walk without holding on to something.

Mother was sitting in the cabin with the baby playing at her feet. She looked around and the baby was gone. She looked through the cabin and then went out on the deck. There was the baby . . . outside the railing (these river boats are all about alike) walking along a ledge about a foot wide. She was just in front of the big paddle wheel

and was hanging on to the pickets. Mother took in the situation . . . if she screamed the baby would fall . . . She went over and reached over and lifted the child to safety, without a sign of weakness.

When she got back to the cabin she uttered an unearthly scream, clasped the child to her breast and was soon hysterical. By this time many passengers were in the cabin. It makes me shudder every time I think of it.

FOURTH GENERATION

Matilda Eaton, nee Kyle, and John Eaton.

FIFTH GENERATION

Children of Matilda Eaton, nee Kyle, and John Eaton.

Elizabeth Amanda, born March 14, 1848. he was married first to Charles Berry. They had one son who was killed in an accident when a young man. They were divorced. Married the second time to Charles Galletly. They had two sons as follows: Glenn Galletly and Duff Galletly.

Caroline Matilda, born November 27, 1849. Died in infancy.

Edmund Kyle, born December 4, 1850. Married to Eva Shepard.

Sophia Maria, born Sept. 10, 1853. Married Wesley Sloan.

Letitia Charlotte, born Feb. 7, 1857. Married George Ross.

John Galbraith, born 1860, died in infancy.

Robert William Eaton, born June 27, 1846 at Pittsburgh, Pa. Moved with his father's family to Harrisville, Pa., from there to Mercer, Pa., and from there to San Francisco California in 1874. From there to Watsonville in 1875. Married to Anna Van Tries in Baldwin City, Kansas, December 27th, 1870. They had seven children as follows:

SIXTH GENERATION

Frank Ernest—Born July 22, 1872 at Baldwin City, Kansas. Married to Allie Jennie Burks.

Orrin Oakley—Born May 16, 1874 at Baldwin City, Kansas. Married to Maud Tuttle (D); Married to Cecilia Penick.

John Walter—Born August 22, 1876. Died in infancy.

Roy Tuttle—Born January 13, 1878. Married to Maud Tynning.

Minnie May—Born December 28, 1870. Married to Ernest Renzel.

Carl Wilbur—Born March 1, 1876.

Robert Harold—Born February 7, 1892.

Some War Records

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John Eaton was born in 1747. He was in the Colonial army.

He was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, on June, 1775. He was a great uncle.

John Eaton was born July 1st, 1822. Died December, 1894. Age 72.

He served one year in a Missouri Regiment. He was taken prisoner by the Quantril band at Independence, Missouri. His regiment was parolled and discharged. He went home and soon after enlisted in the 9th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, of which, I, Robert W. Eaton, was a member. This was the summer of 1863. He was assigned to D Company.

This regiment was stationed around at different places along the lines between Kansas and Missouri. We were ordered to report to headquarters at Lawrence, Kansas. The regiment was re-equipped at this time and received orders to report at Fort Smith, Arkansas. The regiment was composed of twelve companies of 100 men each. He was appointed as Veterinary Surgeon of the regiment and had a diploma as such. This office carried a Lieutenant's Commission. He had the care of 1000 horses and 100 mules. After marching to Fort Smith the regiment was said to be the best mounted in the 7th Army Corp. The regiment marched about 600 miles. Three days on this march the animals were without forage and the feed boxes were almost entirely eaten off the mules. When the regiment was discharged after three years service, only three hundred were left. The regiment was composed of boys from 14 to men of 70. Most all of the very old men were discharged for disability but the boys stood it fine.

Army Record of Robert W. Eaton

Robert W. Eaton enlisted in the 9th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry at Fort Scott, Kansas, on February 1st, 1863 for the term of three years. He was in his sixteenth year and very small. He served until the end of the war and was discharged at De-Valls Bluff, Arkansas, and disbanded at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, July 1st, 1865. He served the first year fighting the Quantril gang of Bush-Whackers. Then he was transferred to regimental headquarters to serve as an orderly. He served in that work for six months and then was transferred back to his old company to act as Company Clerk until the end of the war.

Robert Harold Eaton volunteered in the World War, in the 51st Co., 5th Regiment, U. S. Marines, Second Division. He enlisted April 11, 1918. Discharged August 18, 1918. He was in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne.

Henry Kyle

♦ ♦ ♦

I received this letter from Maggie Kyle Shafer. Rt. 4, Box 32, Monongah, West Va. March 3, 1932.

Dear Mr. Eaton: Father has been getting mail from you for a long time, and this letter came after his death.

I am endeavoring to send what information I can by referring to the old family Bible.

I am the only living child of William Kyle, son of Henry Kyle. I hope this will help you to add the missing link.

I have never known much about Uncle's family, as I lived too far away. I have met a few of Uncle Robert's children is all. I am forty-six years old and have no children.

Best wishes

MRS. J. H. SHAFER.

(Maggie Kyle Shafer)

FOURTH GENERATION

Henry Kyle

Henry Kyle of the fourth generation. He was born January 12, 1822, in County Tyrone, Ireland. He came to America with his father and mother in 1833 and settled with them in Harrisville, Butler County, Pa.; later moving to Pittsburgh, Pa. He married Phoebe Straight in 1850 and moved to West Virginia in 1861, where he farmed for the balance of his life.

Phoebe Straight Kyle was born July 24, 1828.

There was born unto them only one child, a son, named William after his uncle, William Kyle.

FIFTH GENERATION

William Kyle was born May 10, 1851, married Jane Starkey in 1880, and raised two children as follows: Lucy and Maggie.

William died February 20, 1932, at the age of 80.

Jane Starkey was born in November 1854 and was still living at this date, March 2, 1932.

SIXTH GENERATION

Lucy Kyle—Born in December, 1881. Died Jan. 14, 1914.

Maggie Kyle—Born Jan. 11, 1886. Still living, March 3, 1932.

Maggie Kyle was married to a returned soldier of the World War, still living.

There was no issue to this union, and I am 46.

Maria Pew—Nee Kyle

Maria Kyle was of the fourth generation. Maria died in October, 1909, at the age of 89. Her husband, Joseph Pew, died in 1908. They are both buried at Harrisville.

They had three children, Sophia, Abraham and Letitia. All three were living at this date (Sept. 8, 1931).

Abe and I have had pleasant times together for we lived near each other for some time and enjoyed it very much. I never will forget the big slices of bread and butter Aunt Maria gave us, (my mother would not let us eat between meals) and when I got hungry I would go over to Abe's house and Aunt Maria would soon be out with two big slices clear across the loaf . . . and such loaves of bread as she could make. It makes my mouth water to think of those slices of bread.

Uncle Joe was a chair maker by trade but afterward took up house painting and worked at it the rest of his life.

November 6, 1930—Sophia 81, Abraham 78, Letitia 70. All living September 19, 1931.

Edmund Kyle



Fourth Generation

Our Uncle Edmund Kyle was born in Ireland, Derry County Tyrone, and came to America with the family in 1833. He was 18 years of age.

He lived near there all the rest of his life. He was married to Sarah West in 1878. There was born unto this union four boys and three girls, with their ages at this date (April, 1932) as follows: Robert Thompson Kyle, 76; William Galbraith Kyle, 74; Jemima Belle Kyle, 72; Mary Sophia Kyle, 67; Edmund Kelley Kyle, 70; Henry McDonnell Kyle, 64.

All were born in Wetzel County, West Va., but Henry McDonnell, who was born in Lawrence County, Ohio.

I never saw him very often but I remember that mother, father and I went on a visit to someone in West Virginia and I think it was Uncle Ed.

EAGLE STORY

I was only a child and was playing out in the yard and he said, "Get in the house you little rascal. Don't you see that big mountain over there?" "Yes," I said. "Well there is a big bird lives up there and sometimes it comes down and carries little boys away up there and eats them. (Just then a turkey jumped on a stump). There is one of them now." Well, I scooted for the house in a hurry and the rest of the time I did not go far from the door of the cabin. (By the way, it was not far from the truth).

EDMUND KYLE

Hon. Edmund Kyle, Sr., Passes to the Great Beyond.

The Close of a Long and Eventful Life Came to Him at His Home at Cox's Landing.

The death of Hon. E. Kyle, Sr., occurred at his home near Cox's Landing this forenoon at 11:30 o'clock, after an illness of several weeks' duration. The funeral will probably take place on Friday. The deceased was 84 years old and up to a short time ago he had borne his years as only one possessed of a strong physical constitution and a nature full of good cheer and sunshine continually could.

In the death of this venerable the county lost one of its most active citizens. For about twenty-five years he has taken an active part in the affairs of the county as any other one within its borders, and after having served as Sheriff of the county for two terms, was serving as a commissioner of the county court at the time of his death.

First Auditor of the State

Mr. Kyle was chosen as auditor of Virginia, under the reorganized government of the state, in 1861, serving in that capacity until June 20, 1863, when the new state of West Virginia was formed, and he opened the first set of auditor's books for West Virginia, serving as an attache of the office for some time.

He moved to Lawrence County, Ohio, about the close of the Civil War, when he purchased a fine farm near the upper end of the Quaker bottom. Afterward he purchased the farm where his death occurred, where he produced a number of times the largest crops of wheat ever grown in the county.

The deceased leaves a widow and six children—four sons and two daughters as follows:

Robert L., of Birmingham, Ala., Wm. G., John and Edward Jr., Mrs. Walters of Procterville, Ohio, and another married daughter, of Columbus, Ohio.

A more genial, magnanimous spirit than that of "Uncle Ed." Kyle would certainly be hard to discover. He had no enemies. Hence there is universal sorrow on account of his death.

Letitia Reed-Nee Kyle



Letitia Kyle was born..... She died in May, on the sixth, 1903. She was buried at Mercer, Pa.

She was married to Samuel Reed, who ran an old style saw mill. I do not know how long he worked here. One day he was standing on a log and he slipped and fell on a dog and nearly broke his back (the dog here spoken of is a large iron hook that is driven into the log to hold it while it is being sawed into lumber). He was laid up for a long time. He must have gotten over it for he served in the Civil War. He was captured and sent to the Libby Prison. He was nearly dead when he came home.

They had two children, John and Bella.

Grandmother Kyle made her home with Aunt Letitia until she died. Grandmother's life was cut short by being poisoned.

Aunt was a small woman, rather good looking, full of life, and always in good humor. She had rather a hard life. She ran a nail in her foot and it never healed up and she died from a cancerous growth. She died at Washington, D. C., and was buried at Mercer, Pa.

At the time Grandmother Kyle was poisoned it was like this: They lived on West Market Street in a large frame house. In the back yard was a good well and they and some of the neighbors got their water there. Aunt lived with her two children and Mother Kyle. The water became poisoned; they supposed by rats and everyone became ill. Grandmother Kyle never got over it and died soon afterward. All the rest recovered but all suffered ill health after that.

Biography of Part of Robert Kyle's Family in America

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Thompson Kyle of the fourth generation and a resident of Harrisville, Butler County, Pa., and Senator Kyle of South Dakota, who was a member of another of the branches that came to America about the same time as our branch did, but settled somewhere in the West, of whom Senator Kyle was a descendant.

They started to get some history of the Kyle family.

In tracing our family as far back as they could, they succeeded in finding much that was of interest to us.

This is what they said:

"Our Great-Great-Grandfathers were brothers three, all churchmen in the Episcopal Church. Two of them left the church for some cause not known and united with the church now known as the United Presbyterian. Their descendants came to this country and settled in the West, of whom Senator Kyle of South Dakota was one. The third brother was known as Tory William, who remained true to the church, from whom came our branch of the Kyle family."

They found the youngest sister of Grandfather Kyle. They said:

"It might be of interest to you to know Grandfather's youngest sister married a Romanist and became one, raised a large family, one of whom became a priest known as Father Gallin who had two brothers in Philadelphia. Grandfather visited them on his return from a visit to Ireland in..... They conducted a harness shop and were very successful."

The Generations of the Robert Kyle Branch of the Kyle Family

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Family from 1650 to 1932. Beginning With Third Generation

These are the first children we know about.

1st.—Father of the three brothers. Great-Great-Grandfather.

2nd.—William the Tory, our ancestor. Great Grandfather.

3rd.—Robert Kyle. Had thirteen children. Grandfather.

4th.—William Kyle. The head of the fourth generation.

5th.—..... The head of the fifth generation.

6th.—..... The head of the sixth generation.

Ninety Years Young



The title of this paper is ninety years young, and it is not one of my choosing. I am urged to tell you how I managed to stay here so long and never tire of the day in and the day out routine of ninety years.

In looking back I find it a long long way to Tipperary. All the things that happened could have been pressed into a short space of time, but so slow are we to respond to the lessons in my case and cry victory or defeat. "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight," that I may look at the yesterdays as they were and anticipate the tomorrows as the result of the past, for there is no greater truth than "We reap as we sow." I believe there comes in everyone's life a time when a decision is made that is regarded as trifling or of no importance, but which on the contrary marks a crisis. Upon this decision may depend a life of sorrow or happiness. There have been many times in my young life when the most momentous decisions were made when I did not realize what they meant to me. My right to think for myself was questioned. I claimed the right and suffered. I still claim it. I have never regretted the steps I took. I do not consider my life a failure. I know by results it is a success, a triumph and therefore I am one of the happiest women of ninety in the whole world.

The sorrows of my life have been the steps by which I climbed the hill to my happy old age or young days if you will have it that way. I do not regret them. I am glad I passed the test. "Evolution is made only possible by the efforts of those who wish to evolve."

My love of home and the children who came to brighten it have been an important factor in the success of my life. It is truly said that home is the laboratory of character, the one spot where early and lasting impressions are formed for good or evil. We are ourselves responsible for what we are. It would be a beautiful thing when the last call comes to be able to say the end of a perfect day. The greatest victory, the greatest achievement is to conquer oneself, that is to be able to control oneself and the next is to make a choice of what we think about in order to get away from the mean, the little, the narrow, the bigoted, the superstitious. "To look over the rim of the hill which cuts off our view of the things beyond." It is my opinion we are what we think, and we are not born with much of a thinker. We must cultivate it. What we do not put into it we never get out of it. Some people tell us what they have heard, others tell us what they have found out. The strenuous condition of our country today is due to the lack of thinking. Progress is on every hand and we must move along with it or stand by the bigotries taught us in our youth. I contend that the present generation should excel in wisdom the one which preceded it, otherwise it does not fill its place in the affairs of the world today. While I anxiously endeavored to give my children every opportunity possible for the cultivation of their minds. I at the same time resolved to toddle along closely behind them, so I never quit going to school. There is no use in old people staying in a nut and missing all the fun that comes along.

I must tell you something of my childhood days, so I will just call on this little poem I picked up to steady my mind.

"Black sheep, black sheep, have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and returning yesterday?
Have you any magic wool to blind the get-to-be
And for a little while return the long ago to me?
The quiet and the happy and lovely and the slow
Unburdened days of dreaming in the sunny long ago
The hawthorn and the blue bell and the willows in the
pool
A thousand dusty barefoot tracks behind the shingled
school;
The walnut and the sumac and the meadow roads that
lead
Thru golden day to dusky eve and the lantern time and
bed.
Black sheep, black sheep have you any way
Of holding back tomorrow and returning yesterday?
Have you any magic wool that will return again
His treasures to the little boy who lived down the lane?

The first thing I can remember of the woe of this life was when my mother picked me up from the floor and not the most gentle manner deposited me on a chair. I never could see any justice in a trick like that as I was the first little and as was afterward proved the first of ten, the smallest and as my mother said, very ugly child. Well, all the others were better looking and more worth while dressing up, still my mother always asked my consent in giving the better and the prettier to my sister. To this I always agreed as clothes never bothered me much and she did look so pretty. You would never have dreamed she was my sister. We went a long way to school together, and she let me carry the lunch basket. One day it dawned on my befuddled brain that I was being imposed upon. I attempted to have her share this burden, the result was we both put the basket down and went home without it. The consequences was to live to relate. Anyway, who wants to remember unpleasant things. The first flowers I ever saw still occupy a place in my memory, a honeysuckle vine and a lilac bush near by. How wonderful and beautiful they

were. In a very severe illness when I was sixty years of age some vases were sent to me. I laid them to my cheek, they were so pure and lovely. They seemed like little children. I have that feeling yet when I think of them. What an easy thing it is to make others happy, and the loving memories that linger with us in our old days as we sit and muse over the days that are flown and our hearts are filled with gratitude, that rarest of all virtues time is well spent in cultivating. I went to school all my life and my mother saw to it that I did no idling at home, of course not with nine children younger than myself to care for, but I loved little children and I remember one summer evening as I stay rocking the baby to sleep, I named her Annie Virginia. Wasn't that a pretty name? As I stay there with my feet on the side of the cradle rocking a child appeared in the room at a distance from me in a little white gown and floated low out through the door into the hall. I could have put my hands on it. I wondered who it was, where it came from and I am still wondering if it were an illusion or a reality. I have been told it was real and my love for children drew it out of the unseen so I passed some things and said to myself: "When I am a big lady I will never buy anything unless I have the money to pay for it." On another occasion when I was about eleven I told myself, "I will not tell my children's father about the bad things they do and never when we are at the table." I have never broken these promises and the lesson I learned was to refrain from doing what I did not admire in others.

There are a few things I have learned as the years rolled on. When one gets even with another, he puts himself on the same level with the other person. Jealousy is an acknowledgment of the superiority of the persons of whom one is jealous.

At one time I ran across this thought in my reading, "Sensitiveness is the lowest form of selfishness." I quite resented this assertion, but the thought was sticking to me and had to be settled. Why everybody, I reasoned knew that sensitiveness was the essence of refinement, so I took

a little time off to think it out, and I found—Well it is embarrassing to change one's ideas and I don't think I feel like telling you what I found. Just think out for yourselves. Here is another discovery I made. One does not condescend to do or say a harmful thing, he does or says it because he belongs on that plane.

Now from all this I concluded I would be quite busy if I reserved my criticism for myself. These sayings may bore you, but they helped me to a happy old age. What success I have had in applying them to myself I leave to my friends and associates to determine. So you know we can't fool all the people all the time.

As prohibition engages so much of our attention I will tell you of a temperance movement that came under my observation and with which I had much to do. Early in the year 1870 the whole country was aroused as it is at present on the subject of temperance. Organizations were effected everywhere, but I shall speak of the one in Columbus, Ohio. One delegate from each church in the city composed the board of directors. All day prayer meetings were held in the First Presbyterian Church with crowded audiences. From these meetings bands with their leaders were sent out in different directions to visit saloons and all places where liquor was sold. Church bells were rung as the band left and returned. These places were not entered without an invitation which was frequently given by the proprietor. Paper was offered for kneeling purposes and of course refused. The proprietor stood with bowed head while the women besought the Lord to change his heart. When not invited to enter the band took its stand on the pavement in front of the door where it remained all the morning, another taking its place in the afternoon, praying, singing and imploring the owner to give up his business. No thirsty man appeared that day. When the bands returned they gave a report of what was done and invariably began by saying, "We were very kindly received." The board of directors met every morning. A third movement was conceived at a prayer meeting in Ohio, it was

thought only proper that the board meeting should open with prayer. To our chagrin there did not seem to be anyone who knew much about praying when there were people outside of the Lord listening. The delegate from the Christian Church had never prayed out loud in her life and was afraid to take the risk, neither had the Baptist; she had spoken once when giving the experience of her conversion she was so timid. In answering an appeal the Presbyterian woman said she didn't think it in good form for a woman to pray in public, that they were a very reserved and quiet people refraining from anything of an exciting nature. The Episcopalian member couldn't for the life of her find a prayer in the prayer book for a temperance crusade and when it began to look like there were no praying Christians and all was lost a woman arose and said she had hoped to find some praying members in the other Churches, that she was a Methodist and would gladly lead them to the throne of grace. She tried to impress them that while Methodists were the only praying people, they did not want to monopolize. They would rather follow than lead. The truth of the matter was, if there were anything by prayer the Methodists would have to do it, so they hoped by God's direction for success in the work.

As I have said, the country was rising to put away this evil thing as it is doing now, but not in such a wicked way. It put its trust in God, a simple childlike faith in the all pervading God and appealed to his tender mercy and loving sympathy with the human race. It did not spend millions of dollars making laws and putting men and women in filthy jails. It did not send out sleuths to shoot men, women and children to death. It did not poison liquor to get men started on the track to heaven. It did not bring woe and desolation in its train. It did not blind men and make widows and orphans which is the case in the present effort. It did not play the game of the spider and the fly. No, it put its trust in the help of a loving father and in the spirit of this same love its only weapon was persuasion. Did God answer this plea that went up

to him from thousands of burdened and broken hearts? He did not. Now that the Church has dissolved partnership with God and undertaken by its own might and power to legislate goodness and morality into the human race, is it being blessed with victory? It is not. It is evident the wrong doctors have been consulted and the wrong medicine prescribed.

I am inclined to think it is a personal affair. When each man and woman has reformed himself and herself the whole will be reformed and victory proclaimed. Good and morality cannot be legislated into human beings. People laughed at the crusade of the last century, at the present crusade they weep.

And now I hope you are not disappointed in what an old woman of ninety has to say about herself in particular and about things in general. On attempting to stay here with you as long as possible for I do love you all because of your exceeding kindness to me, I paid strict attention to my diet and what I thought about, also to my manner of life. The result is I am still here. I can recommend this simple recipe to anyone who is afraid to die, and to increase your happiness while here you might repeat this little poem at least once a day.

"It is not raining rain to me
It's raining daffodils
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on distant hills.

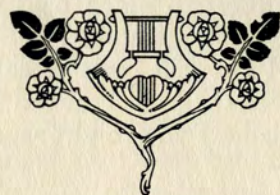
"The clouds of grey engulf the day
And overwhelm the town
It is not raining rain to me
It's raining roses down.

"It is not raining rain to me
But fields of clover bloom
Where any buccaneering be
May find a bed and room.

"A health unto the happy
A fig for him who frets
It is not raining rain to me
It is raining violets."

Read before the Woman's Club of Pittsburgh, Pa.
On my ninetieth birthday, November, 1930.

SARAH ARCHER.



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